

# The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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## Note and Comment

The crops news is certainly growing sensational. The reports from the United States indicate that the grain growers of that country are in for a very bad year. That in the Canadian West we have been affected by the conditions prevailing across the line is also certain, but we have suffered so much less that it is likely the effect will be to give immigration from the country to the south a greater stimulus than it would have received in a better all-round season. Certain sections of all three western provinces will have little to show for their operations, but on the whole there should be results well up to the average. In Alberta we have no cause to complain. The districts are few north of the C. P. R. main line which will not do well. A leading farmer of the Red Deer country has made the statement that all through that part of the province the crops are the best that he has seen in seven years' residence there. The Edmonton daily papers have been making extensive investigations in the territory tributary to the city and everywhere they find sources of encouragement. The local weeklies and the railways fully justify the note of optimism. Harvest will be exceptionally early and in most places large yields are looked for. The only crops that have suffered to any extent are the early-sown oats and the timothy hay. The good condition of the wheat is particularly worthy of note. Up till this year but little of the fall variety has been sown hereabouts and this has done so well that large preparations are afoot for sowing a great deal more of it.

Why this development should have been so long delayed, with the protection which is given the crop in the winter and the great advantage to be derived from an early harvest, has always been a mystery to most non-professional observers. Think, too, of the nervous strain that would be avoided each year as August draws to its close and frost damage is feared. The two weeks between the harvesting of the spring and the fall grain is where the mischief has been done in other years. Fortunately everything is so well advanced this season that there will be little need to worry about either.

Purely as grain producers it looks as if we shall see Alberta beat out all other points of the west this year, but our agricultural activity is not limited to the growing and the exporting of cereals. We believe in real farming hereabouts and therefore don't need to worry each year to the same extent as those who are risking everything on a single throw. The West must get away from the latter system and some observations made by the Toronto Weekly Sun are very timely.

"Incidentally," it says, "the lesson of the year may prove of very great value to thousands of young men in Ontario whose eyes have been turned towards the setting sun. The fairly good crops reaped on the prairies in the last two years, the early promise of this season, and the stories of money made in successful speculation in prairie lands, have created a false balance in the minds of many Ontario people. The possibilities and advantages of the West have been unduly magnified; the disadvantages have been overlooked. And of all the disadvantages under which the West labors the greatest is found in what is practically a one-crop system. To the West what is everything; if that fails a whole year's work is lost. The fear of failure, which is never absent, must make even of a good year one long nightmare during the critical season; in a bad year there must be something like despair.

"In Ontario, with our vastly greater diversity in production, there can never be a general failure. Weather which is hardest on hay and mangels is best for corn; there may be failure in winter wheat but either oats or barley will come out all right; and, as practically all our crops are fed on the farm, the increase in fertility and humus thereby provided for greatly reduces the danger of loss in any line. Even in feeding there is diversity; hogs, some dairy cattle, beef hiplocks, poultry and sheep are kept on the great majority of the farms of this province. In at least some of these lines there is a profitable return every year. There are no gambler's gains to be made in Ontario farming; neither are there the risks of gambler's losses which are ever present in the West; there is the assurance of a reasonable competence as the reward for reasonable effort."

The above is written, of course, with a direct object. The Sun has been endeavoring to stem the tide of immigration from the farm lands of Ontario to those of the West. But while we cannot agree with it that the possibilities of the West have been unduly magnified and that the tremendous growth which it has undergone is not fully warranted by natural conditions, the criticism which it makes as to the methods which have been followed through the greater part of the three provinces is a thoroughly just one. We have been too much in the habit of looking upon wheat export statistics as the test of prosperity. Northern Alberta has not figured largely in these, but the policy which has been pursued here makes for genuine progress and the present year should help to no small extent to keep us true to the ideas that have prevailed in the past.

The Dominion census is to be taken on June 1st next. In 1901, the date was April 1st. Two months brings about a considerable growth in this part of the country and should help Alberta to round the 400,000 mark at which it has been aiming. With the movement from the dry belt that we may look for this fall and next spring, that figure should be easy of attainment.

A week or so ago reference was made on this page to the extravagance of language that had been used in reference to the late King, so out of keeping with everything that endeared him to the mass of his

There it may be fit for every occasion and all seasons, but in Canada it is not. Moreover, even in the old country it is going out."

The Medicine Hat Daily News has made its appearance, the eighth daily in Alberta.

"A number of people," says Vol. 1, No. 1, "have told us that we were nervy to launch a daily in this particular season. We have always had an abiding faith in Medicine Hat and her future, and are prepared to take chances on success. This faith in the future of this city is coupled with our own opinions that the city has good things in store, and also with a determination to make things go, and a knowledge that we have never yet 'fallen down' on any task we have set ourselves to do."

The publisher of the News has been in the country many years and his enterprise, in the face of the conditions of the moment in his part of the province, does him credit. That he will make a success of it all who know how thoroughly capable and experienced a newspaper man he is will have every confidence.

Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst of New York is a man accustomed to doing plain speaking. The movement to place some restrictions upon marriage is attaining new strength each year. The other day a resolution looking to that end was introduced in the Canadian Conference on Charities and Corrections at Guelph. Dr. Parkhurst in a magazine



A view of John I. Mills' Garage.

subjects. William Watson has put the idea admirably in some verses on the death of Edward VII. of which the following is an extract:

"Honour the happy dead with sober praise,  
Who living would have scorned the fulsome phrase.  
Meet for the languorous Orient's jewelled car.  
This was the English King, that loved the English ways."

In the West, we haven't suffered as yet to any extent from the evil, but we are interested nevertheless in the crusade which the Kingston Standard has started for a "safe and sane" Sunday garb for men. The topic is certainly a seasonable one.

"Let us take for example," says the Standard, "the silk hats and frock coats that men think indispensable for morning dress—especially on Sunday. In Canada we have largely got away from these things during working days; but on Sunday the would-be fashionables go forth resplendent in silk hats and frock coats with the thermometer at 80 and the perspiration oozing from every pore. And they proceed to church and sit sweltering through the service while their wives and daughters in delightful white gowns look charmingly cool and altogether in keeping with the weather. A woman is, indeed, fond of being in the fashion; but there is this to be said of her, that she knows how to dress in garments fitting the season. Is it not true that in summer men broke away from this silk hat and frock coat business on Sunday and wore clothing more suitable for the hot weather of our Canadian climate? In Britain, where the frock coat and silk hat are indigenous, the weather is never so hot as we get it here.

article states forcefully why some such move is imperative.

"Seeing that everybody is allowed to marry and have children," he writes, "it is a mystery how it is that the race improves, even as fast as it does."

"When I was a boy on the farm, I remember that my father selected from the year's corn crop the ears that were largest and best filled out and from them preserved the kernels that were to be put into the ground in the next year's planting. It was only by that means that he was able to harvest corn that was up to the standard."

"In the production of children, little discrimination of that kind is practised. Semi-invalids, alcoholics, weak-minded, tuberculous, viciously diseased, shiftless and moneyless—all of them will find somebody that will discharge for them the holy rites of matrimony, and thus put so much additional baggage on the train that an overworked locomotive is trying to drag to the top of the grade."

"A leaf of city clerk's certificate and five minutes of prayer-book may prepare the way for a crop of paupers and degenerates that will make society poorer, sicker and lazier for a hundred years."

"A good many marriage services that are now celebrated would not take place if, before the cards were issued, the parents of the intending bride were to inspect a statement of the intending bridegroom's physical condition, honestly prepared by a competent physician."

"There are many difficulties in the situation, but some of them admit of being overcome. The minds of thoughtful people, interested in the future of the race, are settling in that direction."

"There ought to be, on the part of humanitarians

of every order, a disposition to think seriously upon this line, and a disposition to foster a tendency toward the enactment of statutes that shall leave the door to matrimony less widely open, and that, as Bishop McVieker, of Providence, has recently said, shall render some kind of mental and physical examination a required preliminary to the exchange of marriage vows."

We are accustomed to regard the achievements in electrical invention of the last thirty years as so stupendous that little more remains to be done. But Mr. Edison, who has contributed so largely to the great results to date, uses this surprising language:

"We poor grogners of the last fifty," he says, "are like the struggling farmers among the bare New England rocks before the wide grain fields of the West were reached. The crops have been thin, without reapers or threshers to harvest them. We haven't gone very far yet beyond Franklin or Paddy. Look at the simple chances of improvement in what devices are known today," he adds. "They are endless. About one hundred million carbon filament lamps are made in the Edison factory every year, much the same in all essentials as a quarter of a century ago. We must break new ground, the inventor proclaims. Lately the art has gone back to metallic filaments bringing down to one-third the amount of current needed for the same quantity of light. That is only a step. The next stage should be to one-sixth, and, as Steinmetz says, carbon is still in the game, for many of its qualities render it superior to metal. It is the same way with electric heating and cooking appliances, very ingenious even now, and better than any other means; but ten years hence they will be superseded and in the museums with bows and arrows and the muzzle-loaders. As for the electric motor, it will not be perfectly utilized until everything we now make with our hands, and every mechanical motion, can be effected by throwing a switch. I am ashamed at the number of things around my house and shops that are done by animals—human beings, I mean—and ought to be done by a motor without any sense of fatigue or pain. Hereafter a motor must do all the chores." Mr. Edison applies the same remarks to out-of-doors. For years past he has been trying to perfect a storage battery, and he has now rendered it entirely suitable to automobile and other work. There is absolutely no reason why horses should be allowed within city limits, he insists, for between the gasoline and the electric car, no room is left for them. They are not needed. The cow and the pig have gone, and the horse is still more undesirable. A higher public ideal of health and cleanliness is working toward such banishment very swiftly; and then we shall have decent streets instead of stables made out of strips of cobblestones bordered by sidewalks. The worst use of money is to make a fine thoroughfare and then turn it over to horses. Besides that, the change will put the humane societies out of business."

One of the latest of Mr. Edison's inventive activities is house building, to which we have on other occasions referred. He was confronted with this situation: "The most important item in the modern high cost of living is rent. The electric railway has been an enormous factor for good in distributing people so as to lessen congestion and lower rents. But homes and rents are still much too high in price because of the cost of construction. Long ago he saw this coming and went into the making of cement, the cheapest and most durable building material man has ever had. Wood will rot and burn, but a cement and iron structure seems to last forever. Look at the old Roman baths. Their walls are as solid today as when built two thousand years ago. "When I came to the close of some experiments on magnetic ore milling, on account of the opening up of the Mesaba Range—which will not last forever—the insurance companies cancelled their policies because of the 'moral hazard' on my idle buildings. I said to myself that I would construct buildings that did not have moral risk, and thus went into the Portland cement industry. I have already put up a great many large buildings of my own all of steel and concrete, avoiding this moral risk, and now I am rapidly developing the idea, in building with large iron molds, houses for poor plain folk, in which there is no moral risk at all, nothing whatever to burn, not even by lightning. When I get through the fire insurance companies can follow the humane societies for the lack of material to work on. These houses can be built in batches of hundreds and then the plant can be moved elsewhere. When built these communities of poured

(Continued on page eight)

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## A SONG OF CONTENT

Above an emerald sea of sod  
Blow linen sails like snow;  
The floors are sanded, and the hearth  
Gleams with an Altar's glow.

A wholesome small of bread, new-  
baked;  
The spinning-wheel's low hum;  
These, with an hundred homely tasks,  
Make of her day, the sum.

Yet search the whole world thro' and  
thro',

Her happiness to match—  
Her drowsy babe upon her breast,  
His hand upon the latch!  
—Edith Vaughan Michaux.

Is there anything new under the  
sun? I was having a nice little chat  
one day this week with a very new  
girl bride when I chanced to ask how  
she was getting along with her house-  
hold duties, and she veritably explod-  
ed. "Oh, dear me, don't ask! If you  
had seen this morning, up at six  
or He was, and got the fire started  
and then the wretched thing just  
smoked and smoked—oh, and every-  
thing was wrong, and—but it was  
just too horrid. Luncheon was even  
worse. Started to get it at 11.30 to  
make sure, and that blessed fire just  
wouldn't burn, and poor — arrived  
home and no lunch, and there wasn't  
any until—some terribly late hour."

How familiar the whole thing  
sounded. Yet this poor little bride  
imagined that it must be her fault  
and inexperience, and so on and so  
forth. We old hands know better.  
We remember when we started out.  
We remember not one or two fires  
which wouldn't catch, but—hundreds.  
We recollect breakfasts, yes, and  
lunches, and dinners that were ver-  
itable heart-breakers. We remember  
His sweetness and sympathy and tol-  
eration, yes, and we often wish we  
had it all to live over again, those  
blest, exquisite years, when we were  
the all in all to each other; when  
youthful hearts, reeking with a little  
what youthful mouths had to feed  
upon; when young love could smile at  
failures and disappointments, and  
when His goings and comings reck-  
oned Time, and not the hands of any  
clock.

On my recent visit East I stole  
around to see the wee house where I  
bought such youthful experience. A  
little playbox of a two-storey red  
brick, wonderfully tempting outside,  
a very triumph of a house to the two  
young people who were house-hunt-  
ing. Inside—at first sight—the pros-  
pect was just as pleasant. There was  
a little front room with a bay win-  
dow with a gorgeous round of stained  
glass. The parlor at your service.  
Back of that a long, thin compart-  
ment, the dining-room, redeemed from  
being a very ordinary affair by hav-  
ing a great wide cheery window with  
more stained glass, and another small-  
er window at the opposite end. Then  
came the kitchen, such a jolly little  
box of a room when the fire was  
crackling merrily of a bitter winter's  
evening, so intimate, so cosy, that  
we often took tea sitting around the  
heartsome blaze, and enjoyed it more  
than any meals that have come after,  
though the menu was simple enough  
to hide away in the space reserved for  
soup on an elaborate card of bill of  
fare. The weeny maid's room off the  
kitchen we used for a store room,  
because the pantry was a little too  
by four one, and again for the very  
simple reason that we couldn't af-  
ford even a twelve-year-old to  
queen it over, the tiny cook stove.  
Upstairs was really quite ridiculous.  
Not a room that you could get so  
much as a bed and dresser comfort-  
ably in, let alone a wash-stand. Clothes  
hung in the hall. One by one with  
nails for hangers. Looking back I  
can laugh heartily as I remember  
how, when the wind was high, the  
whole place rocked. How casement  
clicked and creaked, and boards in  
the floor heaved, and there was a  
most invigorating airiness, that bore  
splendid testimony to the health-ful-  
filling incompetence of the builders.  
But bless you, do you suppose these  
things mattered then? Do you think  
that trifles such as these could engage  
our attention when the world—the  
world and life and love—lay all before  
us. No, my dears, because it is only  
when we grow common-place and  
leave the dream-life behind us, that  
we begin to examine doors and casements,  
to spot out deficiencies in cel-  
lar and garret, to notice how the doors

swing on their hinges. Today I am  
concerned that the meals I serve shall  
contain so much at least of nourish-  
ment. I know now that a man needs  
wholesome food, and at certain well-  
appointed hours. But then—well, we  
lived and thrived on it all, and love's  
young dream is the most beautiful  
time in the world.

Speaking of fires reminds me of my  
first really ambitious dinner. Shall  
I ever forget it!

Up until that Christmas day, not  
knowing how to properly cook even  
potatoes, ever having had the chance  
to learn—I had confined my efforts to  
those small, but expensive, cuts the  
young housekeeper favors. Lamb-  
chops, beefsteaks, small roasts, &c.  
They always dried well-out in the  
cooking. This day, you had better  
believe, there was to be a monstrous  
turkey; a most enormous gobbler; I  
picked the biggest I could find, bliss-  
fully regardless of breast-bone pli-  
ancy, or any bright yellowness of leg.  
Needless to add I didn't even stipu-  
late that he should be drawn.

It was the day the First Centingent  
came back from South Africa.

A near relative was with me for the  
holiday. I determined, though I se-  
cretly wept with disappointment, to  
miss the soldier-boys, to show  
what I could do. Behold, then, Him  
and Her off to the "doings" and Me  
alone to pull off a Christmas dinner.

Of course, the fire acted up. Acted  
as I, veteran in meeting such re-  
verses, had never seen it act up be-  
fore. Cups of coo-ol to the rescue!  
—with a crash it was off.

Up the main street I could hear the  
band playing like mad; martial music  
that snips me to the heart. How I  
longed to be away! But putting my-  
self on the back for my unselfishness,  
I brought in the Bird and armed my-  
self for the fray.

How had I ever remembered people  
drawing gobbles? To save my life  
I couldn't have told you. Somehow,  
some way, I did amputate his legs, but  
then the trouble began. To get those  
long feathers out of his wings.

Here I draw the veil. If the  
angels listened that blessed Christmas  
morning they heard more than pray-  
ers. They saw a crazy mad young  
thing put up a fight with that most  
pugnacious gobbler that would have  
out the Johnson-Jeffries recent box-  
to utter shame and oblivion. The  
tears, the language, before he finally  
reached the oven only the walls and I  
ever knew. When the others came  
home my eyes were red and swollen  
with weeping. I was absolutely fag-  
ged out, cross, and ready to desert,  
but—I had a dinner as was a dinner,  
and by dessert I was the merriest of  
the lot.

These early tragedies are very real  
while they last, but grow tenderly  
mirthful as the years steal on.

Of my first maid I have equally  
funny memories. She was very young,  
very inexperienced, so much so that  
even my poor bluff of being a fair  
housekeeper passed easy muster. She  
had more religion, however, than cook-  
ing proclivities, and often had a gather-  
ing of her friends while our meals  
were in progress. So were we treated  
to lambroine jingles, and heavy  
rhymes as we wrestled with tea or  
dinner, even as provided by our up-  
to-date hotels at the present time.

Music is said to be an excellent aid  
to digestion, but is not calculated,  
blared in your ear, to help sustain  
conversation, and so it came to pass  
that one day we had to give up Our  
Jewel, who I trust by now realizes  
that base and materialistic as cooking  
is, some people insist that it shall be  
done well, even if music has to suffer  
thereby.

The aggravations and vexations of  
those very early days are long since  
past—though fires are still liable to go  
back on one—but for the benefit of  
my young friends so many of who  
have been married of late, I want to  
say, that these are the dream-days of  
after-years, and that I wouldn't ex-  
change the memory of mine for all the  
wealth in the world.

The young couple who start out in  
their married life with domestic help  
and a fine house to begin with, are  
not, take my word for it, the lucky  
ones, but, woe who have wrestled  
with fires that would only smoke;  
with meals that simply wouldn't get  
ready; but have learned the secret  
and the joy of labor, and have come  
to appreciate Him and Home more  
than we could ever otherwise have  
done.

It was at the ball game, towards

the end of last week's exciting Cal-  
gary-Edmonton encounters, that I  
overheard the following:

"Of course, I was just reading the  
silly little thing, and I didn't care a  
twopenny for her, but she thought I  
was fine. Feel a little sorry, now, but  
it wasn't my fault. I'm afraid she'll  
take it rather badly."

I turned my head to gaze at this  
Adonis and found—a miserable  
cheap little guy—a youth, pasty of  
face, red as to hair, loud as to his  
semi-Ready suit, and simpering up to  
another "silly little thing."

How the game repeats itself!  
Last night, glancing over the Lon-  
don Daily Mail, I came across these  
"personals":

LOO—My sweet, perfect angel, how  
happy your "volumes" made me.  
Darling sweetheart, loving thanks  
for your kindness. Impossible to  
send an address. Yours only, dearest  
love.

C. 1010—Thanks sweet letters. Must  
go S.A. early July, return within  
three months. Good change busi-  
ness. If succeed I shall fetch you  
away. Am unfortunately unwell.  
Paris again. Write often. All my  
love, darling one.

JOO—My own sweet darling. Feel-  
ing so miserable without you, dar-  
ling. Longing to be with you again,  
sweetheart. Sunshine here, but  
miss my darling sunbeam. Love  
you so passionately, dear heart.  
Don't forget you are all on earth,  
to me, darling. All my love, kisses—  
Your own sad, loving little M.

F.O.—Waited. All too cruel. Another  
illness threatened. Hope will end it  
all.

M.—Loved one, all the opposition in  
the world cannot separate us—  
Yours, J. B. A.

J. H. from H. H.—All right, don't  
disappear; we can help you yet;  
nothing irrevocable yet;

J. P.—Went H. last night. Saw every-  
thing in a terrible muddle. Would  
help if I could, but no assets. Won't  
you try just a little?—F.L.O.

NIRVANA—Dearest love, hope you  
got last letter, unanswered. Anxiously  
waiting for news that you are pro-  
gressing favorably, my own darling.  
BABS S.—Dearest, your letter will  
ever live in my heart and give me  
strength. Rouse about the fourth  
week in Aug. Will this suit?—AR-  
THUR.

So the old lies keep up their cir-  
culation. By such ancient tricks are men  
and women deceived.

Can anyone, the most stupid, not  
read between the lines and see in  
some of the beginnings of the end, the  
tragedy and heart-ache, and the finale.

The "sweet darling" of yesterday,  
is she not the girl who hopes that  
this trouble "will end it all?"

Am I getting old that I am losing  
patience with giddy little girls who  
are so easily led on? Am I out of  
sympathy, hardened, that a callow  
youth and his simpers and wiles naus-  
eate me, and make me long to strangle  
him? In an article yesterday I  
saw the expression that "happy lives  
never have any past or history," yet  
there are these foolish young folk try-  
ing to acquire these very things.

Oh, it is not real love, even tragic  
real love, that I am crying out against  
but its miserable substitute! Against  
this "happy life" that uses "dangling  
sweetheart" and other sacred words  
readily to one silly thing one day,  
as to her successor of tomorrow.  
Love is a strange thing, some it calls  
once, some many times, some more  
than once, strangest of all, at the  
very end. But these do not fall into  
the language of the tender, the awful  
passion at a glance. One must learn  
the tongue.

Poor, silly, little girls! Poor, fool-  
ish, callow boys! And meanwhile Life  
and Possibility, and Real Love, beat  
against the bars while these fledglings  
try to fly and break their wings. Ex-  
perience, thou art a merciless task-  
master!

## OUTLAND BORN

(Ella McFadyen, in the "Spectator,"  
London.)

So you have been to London Town,  
And what saw you of the white?  
A maze of winding city ways  
And houses mile by mile,  
Where throbs the pulse of half the  
world  
In that grey Northern isle.

Nay, heard ye not nor saw he nought?

And is there nothing new?

Are London streets still paved with  
gold?

Is that old story true?

Oh you have heard the Bow Bells  
ring,  
And what said they to you?

Nay, make not of my ignorance

A traveller's sorry jest;

Did ye not see the "Golden Head"?

On Thames' broad mother breast?

(continued on page three)

PHONE 1550

For all your Drug wants.

PROMPT SERVICE AND DELIVERY



F.W. Richardson

Phone 1550

154 Jasper Ave.

(Quick Delivery Service)

## DRINK

SCHLITZ BEER

or

PABST Blue Ribbon BEER

during the hot weather

Edmonton Wine &amp; Spirit Co.

Distributors  
Phone 1911. 246, Jasper Avenue

For Western Canada's

Great Industrial Fair at

Winnipeg

JULY 13 to 23 1910

The Canadian Pacific Railway Co.

will have in effect special rates.

For full particulars as to rates, limits, etc. apply  
to nearest Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent.

The People of Edmonton

will find in the

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Well-equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$1.00 and upwards).

Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit.

All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the services of  
our depositors.A special room is provided for women,  
Married Women and Minors may make deposits and withdraw the same  
without the intervention of any person.

Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000 Capital Subscribed \$5,575,000

Capital Paid Up, \$5,330,000.00 Reserve Fund, \$5,330,000.00

Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall and Jasper

Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West

Your Savings Account  
is solicited.G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK  
Manager

THE CONNELLY-McKINLEY CO., LTD.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

Private Chapel and Ambulance

136 Rice Street

Phone 1525



## The Store of Quality

Even if it is hot

YOU  
MUST  
EAT

And to eat anything but the best in the bread line is foolish—especially when the best costs no more. Ask for

## Mother's Bread

H. &amp; A. baked in the top.

Made only by

HALLIER &amp; ALDRIDGE

Phone 1327 - 223 Jasper Ave., E.

Phone 1639. Ambulance Service

## Andrews &amp; Sons

## Undertakers

Prompt attention to day or night calls

524 Namaya Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

## Ladies' School

Miss Geach has opened a Class for Girls at the MacLean Block. Subjects taught: English in all Branches, French, Drawing, Music, Needlework and Drilling.

A Kindergarten Class will be open in Sept. with a trained teacher. For other particulars apply: MISS GEACH 273 SEVENTH STREET City.

## The Jasper House

Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton

\$1.50 per Day

L. A. GOODRIDGE, Proprietor

## GrandTrunk Pacific Ry.

## NEW SERVICE

## WINNIPEG &amp; EDMONTON DAILY

Commencing Sunday, July 3, on the following schedule:

9:30 a.m. to EDMONTON 9:15 p.m.  
10:05 p.m. to SASKATOON 7:30 a.m.  
4:30 p.m. to WINNIPEG 10:30 p.m.

Standard new equipment, consisting of Sleeping cars, Puller Cafe cars, Day Coaches and Colonial cars. For full information, regarding rates, berth reservations, etc., apply to:

J. F. PHILP, City Pass. Agt.  
153 Jasper East Phone 4057

## Reduced Fares

## Winnipeg Industrial EXHIBITION

JULY 13-23, 1910

VIA THE



From all Stations in Canada on Canadian Northern Railway

Tickets on sale July 11 to 22 inclusive, good for return until July 26th, 1910

For information from

W. C. DODDS

City Pass. and Ticket Agent C. N. Ry.  
115 Jasper Ave. East Phone 712  
EDMONTON ALTA.

(Continued from page two)

Old ye not mark her white sail stir  
With longing for the West!

Nay, what's the price of England's  
pride?

And what the news from Spain?  
Had ye no glimpse in fair Whitehall  
Of Nell's Drury Lane?

Are there no ghosts in London Town  
To wake the past again?

Have ye not ridden knee to knee  
With Brummel in the Row?  
What jests at Walter's, and what  
toasts?

What names tossed to and fro?  
Have ye no news from London Town  
For one who thirsts to know?

Saw ye no glimpse thro' darkened  
streets,  
Of Nellie's childish grace?

Nor at your elbow turned to find  
Quilp's sharp, malignant face?

Nor, dark to dawn, with Headstone  
fared  
In his ghoulriden race?

Hath London not an eerie hour  
Before the day is born,  
When twinkling-fog and revelries  
Affront the pallid morn,

When ghostly beauties flit and fade  
By ghostly charmen borne?

Does London stretch no kindred hand?  
Hath she no voice for you?

No message to you, blood and bone,  
Of that therefrom we grow?

Oh saw ye not the Guards go out  
That fought at Waterloo?

Can ye not hear the hollow hoof,  
Nor mark the nodding crest?

Oh London Town! Oh London Town!  
Your very stones attest—

And through the dawn those solemn  
ghosts  
Ride slowly, four abreast!

I see the dancing harbor lights,  
I breathe the garden smells,  
But fairy fairs I seem to hear,  
The chime of Abbey bells,

And faintly fair, but visioned clear,  
The dome o'er London swells

Oh you are back from London Town,  
Where I may never go,  
And all these things were yours so  
long—

And I shall never know!  
Through ranks of flaming coral trees  
The sea-wind singeth low.

I am sure my good friend, Dr.  
Jennings, of "The Journal," one of the  
best of us, will pardon me for telling  
a rather humorous little incident at  
his expense:

His part of the excuse came in  
when his office outfitted a number of  
comfortable, inviting green benches,  
which were placed in unused corner  
lots along Jasper avenue for the use  
of weary pedestrians who might care  
to steal away for a moment, where the  
shade and a rest-spot beckoned. Along  
the top face of the benches ran a lit-  
tle legend—"Rest here and read the  
Journal."

Every time I went down town I  
said to myself, now, there's a man  
with a humanitarian heart! because  
on each occasion some one was en-  
joying a sojourn on the bench. But  
I am curious. I like to delve way  
down to the bottom of things. To test  
"the dear public's" appreciation; to  
satisfy myself how things work out.

So one day I just took the trouble  
to see how many of those who accept-  
ed the Journal's hospitality heeded the  
green seat's invitation.

And what do you suppose I saw?  
At one end a corpulent party buried  
in the pages of the Daily Capital, at  
the other end a newsy devouring one  
of Town Topics' capital little articles  
on our late dear "Richard." 'Twas  
ever thus!

But indeed no one better believes  
in the worth of advertising than your  
most humble servant. No business,  
I am persuaded, can afford not to  
advertise. Yesterday I was buying  
my grocery order when my eye lit on  
a bottle of an English sauce, that is  
admitted by all who have ever tasted  
it, to be without an equal as a relish.

"Why, when did you get it in?"  
queried. "I have often wondered why  
you didn't handle it?"

"No use," said the clerk, "no one  
knows. It isn't advertised."

You'd be surprised if you took the  
trouble to investigate, how many really  
excellent things, what fine businesses,  
have gone to the wall because their  
promoters hadn't enough enterprise to  
let the public know their merits.

Deny it, who can, that the name  
soap today immediately suggests  
"Pearls." A washing powder "Gold-  
Dust Twins," pickles, "Heineke's 47  
kinds."

Think of our own town's tradesmen  
and business firms and who are going  
ahead? Who but the men who day  
in and day out, keep their names be-  
fore the public. A firm who haven't

get up and go enough to advertise,  
won't have enterprise enough to stock  
new goods, to keep abreast of the lat-  
est prices, to carry the range possible  
to the man whose store is hourly  
thronged with interested and curious  
minded shoppers.

People like to go with the crowd,  
and the crowd always make for the  
place that is most in demand.

Even the Journal, you see, has got  
this free ad. from me, because they  
put their name in a public place.

BANK WRECKING IN THE  
GOOD OLD DAYS.

Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia, was  
the most famous president of the  
United States Bank, which President  
Jackson forced out of business. He  
became its president in 1823 and re-  
mained in that post until the bank  
went out of business in 1836.

"Nick" Biddle, as he was known to  
his associates, both in finance and so-  
ciety—he was a member of Philadel-  
phia's exclusive—knew a firm grip upon  
the affairs of all branches of the Uni-  
ted States Bank from his desk in the  
Bank's headquarters in Philadelphia. He  
was very careful to get reports from  
the branches regularly and as  
speedily as the mail facilities of the  
time could deliver them to him, and  
he studied these reports with minute  
care.

One day he noticed that a report  
from the Savannah branch did not  
show the average redemption of bank  
notes. Each subsequent report show-  
ed a constant falling off in redem-  
ptions, so that Mr. Biddle became very  
much disturbed.

At last he said to himself: "here's  
going to be trouble of some kind at  
that branch. Somebody is collecting  
Savannah branch bank notes and may  
offer them all of a sudden for redem-  
tion. But I will see to that."

Thereupon he caused a large amount  
of silver money to be collected and  
shipped to Savannah. Then he  
waited.

A few weeks after the silver had  
reached the Savannah branch, a  
stranger called at it and stated that  
he had some bank notes which he  
would like to have redeemed at once  
in silver. He was asked what was  
the value of the notes. "Two hundred  
thousand dollars," he re-plied.

"Very well," said the official of the  
bank, who was acting under instruc-  
tions from President Biddle. "Bring  
your bills here so that we can count  
them."

Whereupon the stranger protested  
at the delay.  
"What!" exclaimed the bank of-  
ficial, "You surely do not think we  
are going to redeem notes until we  
have counted them and have seen that  
the amount you give us is right."

So the stranger went away return-  
ing speedily with a hand barrow filled  
with notes. All the rest of the day  
the bank force was occupied in count-  
ing them.

The task over at last, the manager  
of the bank turned to the stranger.  
"The amount you stated is correct,  
sir, and your silver is ready. Can  
we help you send it any where?"

"You've got the silver here?" gasped  
the stranger. "You're going to  
pay me in silver on the spot?"

"Certainly," said the bank manager.  
"Isn't that what you asked for?"

"But—" began the stranger.

"Yes," smiled the other, "two hun-  
dred thousand dollars in silver does  
make a very bulky parcel. I suppose  
you will take it to a vessel!"

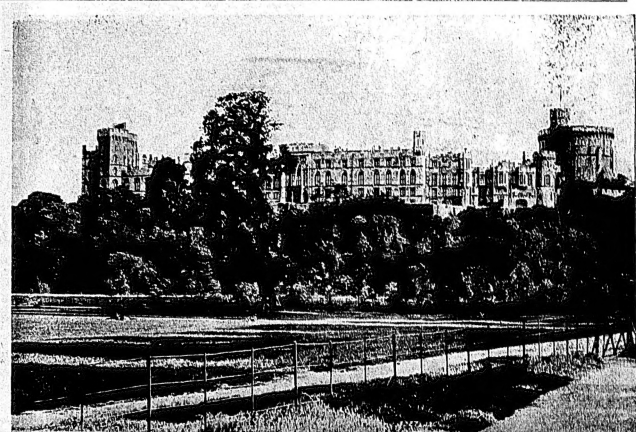
The stranger hesitated, doubtless  
reflecting that if he took the silver it  
would cost him a pretty penny for in-  
surance and another for freight. At  
last he said: "Well, I think I will  
take drafts on New Orleans. They  
may do just as well."

This time a grim smile came to the  
banker's lips. "You will not take drafts  
on New Orleans," he said. "You  
will take the silver, and you will take  
it at once."

There was no other way.  
The stranger had to lug off his \$200,000 in  
silver and pay insurance and freight  
charges on it to its destination in the  
north. For he was an agent of a  
group of states bankers in the north  
who had combined to break the credit  
of the United States Bank if possible.

They had hit upon the plan of get-  
ting together a lot of bank notes of the  
Savannah branch and suddenly pre-  
sented them in a lump for redem-  
ption, feeling reasonably certain that  
the bank would not have on hand  
sufficient silver with which to redeem  
at once, and then would go  
throughout the country that the Uni-  
ted States Bank at Savannah had failed  
and the other branches and the head-  
quarters itself would be imperilled,  
if not ruined. But in building their  
beautiful scheme the jealous state  
bankers failed to take into consid-  
eration President Biddle's painstaking  
study of the reports of his bank's  
branches, and so they were confound-  
ed, and not he.

For satisfaction in Jewellery Re-  
pairing and manufacturing, try Ash  
Bro's



A view which gives some idea of the size of the historic pile which has played an important part in the lives of many British rulers.

The Capital Wine &  
Spirit Coy., Ltd.

127 Jasper Avenue Phone 1250  
EDMONTON, ALTA.

Just arrived—a full stock  
of the finest

## Old Scotch Whiskies

## Teachers Highland Cream

and

## Cock o' the North

from Talisker's Distillery  
Perth, Scotland

## A. E. HOPKINS - Manager

## Advertise in the News

## EXCURSION

-TO-

## EXPERIMENTAL FARM, LACOMBE

Under direction of the Honorable Duncan Marshall, Minister of Agriculture, excursions will be run to the Lacombe Experimental Farm on July 29th, as follows:—

Train will leave Calgary, 6:45 a.m., arriving at Lacombe 11:17 a.m.  
Train will leave Strathcona 8:45 a.m., arriving at Lacombe 11:35 a.m.  
Train will leave Castor 9:50 a.m., arriving at Lacombe 10:00 a.m.  
Train will leave Hardisty 10:00 a.m., arriving at Lacombe 11:35 a.m.  
Train will return to Calgary, leaving Lacombe 11:00 p.m.  
Train will return to Strathcona, leaving Lacombe at 6:45 p.m.  
Train will return to Castor, leaving Lacombe at 6:35 p.m.

There will be Excursion Rates on regular trains on the Lacombe and Wetaskiwin branches. The special train from Strathcona will pick up passengers at Wetaskiwin who arrive from the branch.

For particulars respecting time schedule and fare see posters at station. Bring lunch baskets. Hot water supplied free of charge at Farm. Superintendent of Fairs and Institutes.

H. A. CRAIG, Superintendent of Fairs & Institute

## Specials for . . this . . week. .

Fine Lawn Gowns trimmed with  
val lace; also remainder of  
White Wear to go at

## Half Price

La Chic Corsets in a variety of  
styles, unequalled for comfort  
and durability.

## Forbes-Taylor Co.

233, Jasper, West.

## Are you thinking of Purchasing a DIAMOND?

If so it would be worth your  
while to have a look over  
our stock. We have Diamond  
Rings from \$9.00 to  
\$500.00. Also we have a  
very fine line of diamond set  
Brooches, which would be  
very suitable for a bridal  
gift.

## G. F. WATCHER

Watchmaker, Jeweler and  
Optician  
Phone 1647 124 Jasper Ave. E.

## Automobile and Carriage Painting

Satisfaction Guaranteed

A. P. GREGORY  
WORKS 21 21 436 CLARK ST.  
(Between Namoy & Kinkaid)  
Phone 2325 for Estimates  
Carriage and Wagon Repairs



The  
Original  
and  
Only  
Genuine  
Beware  
of  
Imitations  
Sold  
on the  
Merits  
of  
MIFFLIN'S  
LINIMENT

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE  
fourth and fifth grades in Ponoka  
public school; state grade of certifi-  
cate, salary wanted and experience  
had in school work. Applications  
close July 18th. C. C. Reid, Clerk.  
7-8-22

## Turner's Orchestra

For Dances, etc.

Rooms 23 & 24, ALBERTA BLOCK  
Phone, 2033

## Carl Henningsen's Dye Works

406 Fraser St. Phone 1225  
Edmonton



At the Central Methodist church in  
Calgary on Sunday, Rev. Mr. Kerby  
asked for a show of hands in order  
to determine the congregation's feel-  
ing as to whether the Johnson-Jeff-  
ries fight pictures should be shown or  
not. Only one man indicated that he  
wanted the pictures. Does Mr. Kerby  
really believe that that indicates  
the sentiment of his hearers? I  
don't say that the majority of the  
people are not opposed to the pic-  
tures being shown, but I do know  
that a very considerable proportion  
of those who sat in front of Mr. Kerby  
would have been found at the ringside  
itself if an easy opportunity had  
arisen to enable them to be and they  
could have been assured that their  
presence there could not be generally  
known. A man's public professions  
in matters of this kind are in such  
an astonishing number of cases totally  
out of keeping with his private prac-  
tice that it doesn't do to pay too  
close attention to them. As to the  
question at issue, the statement is  
made that if the law prohibits prize-  
fights, it should also prohibit the  
moving pictures which enable hun-  
dreds of thousands of people to follow  
the encounter in all its details. This  
does not necessarily follow. One of  
the main objections to having a prize-  
fight in one's neighborhood is that  
it brings with it a host of most un-  
desirable characters. Drunkenness,  
gambling, and much else, that has a  
demoralizing tendency follows in its  
wake. In itself a pugilistic battle is  
less objectionable than many other  
forms of combat, the depiction of  
which no one finds fault with. It  
helps to teach a man to use his fists,  
which, even in those of the most  
peaceful dispositions, is not an al-  
together bad thing. It is infinitely  
preferable to the ordinary battle  
scene. It is very seldom anyone gets  
badly hurt in the prize-ring. The  
combatants use the means of offence  
and defence that nature provided them  
with. It is vastly more brutalizing,  
surely, to witness all the death and  
destruction that results from the con-  
flict of two armies.

The sportsmen of Winnipeg are to  
be warmly congratulated on the suc-  
cess of the crew from that city in  
winning the Stewards' Cup for fours  
at Henley in the face of all that the  
Toronto Telegram proclaims their vic-  
tory the greatest in the aquatic an-  
nals of this nation since Edward Han-  
lan first filled the world with the fame  
of his native land.

"The lesson of their victory" adds  
the Telegram, "is written in the truth  
that the Winnipeg crew won, rowing  
like Canadians, whereas other crews  
have gone from this country and lost  
trying to row like Englishmen."

"When a Canadian crew reached  
Henley Mr. Tom Sullivan or some  
other authority would observe their  
style and say—

"Your boat isn't rigged right."

"Accordingly the Canadians would  
hasten to change the rigging of their  
boat to alter their style of rowing,  
hasten to do everything in fact but  
finish in front on the day of the race.  
The finals always saw the Canadian  
crew among the 'also rans'."

"When the Winnipeg oarsmen showed  
their form at Henley, Guy Nicholls,  
the great English authority, declared  
that they 'had every fault a crew  
could have.' They stuck to their  
faults and won. The lesson of their  
success is that Canadians can do bet-  
ter along the lines of their own in-  
dividuality than they can do in at-  
tempted imitations of old country  
characteristics."

Full particulars are not yet avail-  
able as to the showing made by Al-  
berta's representative at the golf  
championship tournament in Toronto.  
Mr. G. P. Shaw, of Calgary. After  
getting into the second round by  
winning at the 19th hole, he was de-  
feated by the redoubtable George S.  
Lyon by six and four. Lyon finally  
lost the championship to Fritz Mar-  
tin of Hamilton in an exciting finish.  
The match was carried to the 37th  
green and there the younger of the  
veterans won out through his stead-  
iness in contrast to the erratic work  
by the many times champion, Martin

lay within a foot of the hole for three,  
when Lyon jumped the hole with his  
fifth. The match ended there and  
then, as Martin had strokes to hole  
out and win, Mr. Lyon dropped his  
putter and turned to congratulate the  
new champion, without waiting for  
him to go through the formality of  
holing out.

It was the second Canadian cham-  
pionship for the Hamilton player. He  
won it in 1902, when the cham-  
pionships were decided at Montreal.  
He has been a regular attendant at cham-  
pionship meets and has for some years  
been rated among the first flight of  
players. He is about 40 years of age  
and popular with golfers along the  
circuit. The spectators in a large  
gallery that followed the match to the  
finish were divided in extending warm  
congratulations to the winner and ex-  
pressing sympathy with Mr. Lyon in  
losing the uphill fight he had made in  
the second round. The defeated final-  
ist has won no fewer than six Cana-  
dian championships and has twice been  
runner-up. His first title was won in  
1898, the next came in 1900, and then  
in 1902. Starting with 1905, he won  
the championship three years in suc-  
cession, obtaining possession of the  
Aberdeen Cup, donated with the diffi-  
cult condition that it must be won  
three years in succession before be-  
coming the property of any one play-  
er.

Mr. Lyons' honors as a golfer also  
include the winning of the Olympic  
championship at St. Louis in 1904,  
while in 1905 he was runner-up for  
the United States title, having been  
defeated in the final on the green.

The veteran took his defeat in good  
part, as usual. "I think I am playing  
as good golf as I ever did," he re-  
marked, as he returned to the club  
house. "I have never been worse than  
a semi-finalist at a Canadian meet  
and I hope to be there again many  
times before I quit."

The probability is that the Alberta  
provincial meet will be held again in  
Edmonton this year. The Calgary  
club expects to have new links ready  
next year and in order to have the  
tournament there in 1911 is willing to  
relinquish the honor to Edmonton  
for the present year. Much specu-  
lation is going on who will come out  
on top when Shaw, champion of 1909,  
meets Hunter, the young Scotsman,  
now honorary secretary of the Ed-  
monton club, who has shown himself  
such a past master of the game. Hunter  
learned the game in the best golf  
school in the world and has the phys-  
ique to back up his training.

Lethbridge beat McLeod at cricket  
last week by 137 to 114. The fea-  
tures were A. Holt's 41 for the win-  
ners and Vickers bowling for McLeod.  
He dismissed the last three  
Lethbridge men with three successive  
balls.

The Calgary Cricket club has been  
asked by Secretary Morrison, of the  
Winnipeg Cricket Association, to co-  
operate with Lethbridge and Edmon-  
ton with a view to getting together  
the strongest possible team to re-  
present Alberta at the inter-provin-  
cial cricket tournament to be held  
in Winnipeg from August 1 to 6, in-  
clusive. In his letter Mr. Morris  
says:

"During this tournament representa-  
tives from the various provinces will  
meet to inaugurate the Western Cana-  
da Cricket Association, and it is ear-  
nestly requested that you will do all  
in your power to further the scheme."

"Special committees have been  
struck to make all arrangements for  
the visit, and Winnipeg cricketers will  
do all they can to make the visit a  
pleasant one."

The C. P. R. have granted a spe-  
cial rate to teams of ten and over  
(travelling together to the same point  
under the auspices of the Winnipeg  
Cricket Association) of a fare and a  
third, and several hotels quote re-  
duced rates."

Owing to the increased price of rub-  
ber, a further rise in the price of golf  
balls is anticipated by the Scottish  
golf players. At present the price of  
the best standard is sixty cents, which  
is an advance over a short time ago.  
It is said the price will soon be as  
seventy-five cents. This expected  
advance raises the question of a return  
to the old-fashioned "guttie." At the  
time the new American rubber ball  
first made its appearance in Scotland its  
introduction was strongly opposed by  
some of the leading golfers' associa-  
tions both professional and amateur.  
But the Haskell ball from the States  
was out, and today its use is prac-  
tically universal. Yet the talk now is  
that if prices keep on advancing a re-  
turn to the "guttie" is among the pos-  
sibilities. It is said the objection  
that links are now laid out for the  
longer-flying rubber-core ball can be  
met with the statement that coun-  
tries for adding to the flight of a  
ball may be introduced at any time,  
and the courses can be altered to  
meet the requirements of any change.  
The "guttie" was the original ball  
used in Scotland, the first home of  
golf.

Since "Mr. Fairie" won the Derby  
with "Lemburg," much interest has at-  
tached to his personality. He is an  
exceptionally modest man of the most  
delicate susceptibilities, and it was  
these qualities that caused him to as-  
sume the nom de plume, "Mr. Fairie."  
He explained himself once that the as-  
sumed name was registered so as to  
save him from "criticism without due  
cause," for in no way did he care  
to attract the least attention to him-  
self or his horses. "Mr. Fairie" did  
not always use the assumed name, and  
one season, notably 1892, he raced  
under his real name, which is . Cox.

"Mr. Fairie" has dubbed a race  
the racing game since 1887, the year his  
colors, white, orange sleeves and cap,  
were registered. In the winning list  
of owners for that year he is not  
credited with a single win, but the  
next year, 1888, there is the modest  
sum of \$600 opposite his name, the  
result of a single victory. Since that  
time with his ups and downs of luck  
on the turf he has won 112 races  
worth \$538,705. In 1889 he won one  
race worth \$500, but nevertheless he  
kept and his colors were seen here  
and there where he found a race he  
thought suitable for his horses. His  
first winner was a horse named Peter-  
hof, and others of his early racers  
were Shetel, Black Eagle and Queen  
Lily. These were well bred, for from  
the very first "Mr. Fairie" aimed at  
breeding animals of the best class. His  
horses were trained by James Ryan at  
Green Lodge, Newmarket.

In 1907 came Bayardo, as a  
two-year-old. It was reported around  
Newmarket that Alcock, Taylor, who  
trained for "Mr. Fairie" of late years,  
had a fast young sprog at Maton, but  
when it was set a test by Bay-  
ronald out of Gaucica, the sharps said  
it could not be. However, he was  
brought to Ascot for the New Stakes  
and there was great curiosity to see  
him. In the paddock he was not very  
impressive as he was walked around  
and the wise brigade winked and said  
another fake, but changed their tune  
after the horse broke away from the  
star. Bayardo, fairly flew over the  
ground, showing the most superb  
action and winning with the greatest  
ease. That year he won seven races  
worth \$65,190, and but for Bayardo  
another blank would have been placed  
in front of "Mr. Fairie," on the annals  
of winning owners. "Mr. Fairie" lives  
entirely at Newmarket, where he has  
a neat residence.

## TALES FROM OVER SEAS.

Charms as cures for sickness were  
common in England a century ago.  
Lady Waze, who was born in 1800,  
tells of a gruesome cure adopted for  
the removal of some birthmarks which  
disfigured her face. Her mother  
was persuaded that a "dead man's  
hand laid upon my cheek and hands  
would effectually remove the marks,"  
she writes: "As a man could not be  
killed for the occasion it was neces-  
sary to wait till someone died. An  
old man at last did die in one of the  
nearest cottages, and I was taken  
there in my sleep. I remember after-  
wards being constantly stopped by the  
widow, who always examined my  
check in order to ascertain the state  
of her husband's body, as the marks,  
she told the nurse, would certainly  
fade away as he turned into dust.  
Whatever the cause of the cure, the  
marks in time disappeared."

"His convalescent dreams are oc-  
casionally won hearing," says the  
London Chronicle. "The late Lord  
Dufferin when in Paris dreamed that  
he was in a hearse on the way to the  
cemetery. A few days later, as he  
was about to enter the elevator of a  
certain hotel, he was startled to find  
that the attendant was a double of  
the driver of the hearse in his dream.  
He thereupon promptly left the ele-  
vator and walked upstairs. The car-  
ascended without him but he never

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E. NEWS

the top something in the mechan-  
gave way, and the passengers met  
their death. Had they also one won-  
dery, been forewarned in a dream?"  
Sultan, Prince Bismarck's favorite  
boarded attacked a passing rail-  
road train and was cut to pieces. Bis-  
marck's grief over the dog's agonies  
was such that his son Herbert tried  
to lead him away, but the prince

would not go. "No. I cannot leave  
him like this." Then, when the dog's  
sufferings were over, Bismarck wiped  
his eyes and murmured: "Our Toun-  
forefathers showed benevolence in  
their religion. They believed they  
would find in the hunting grounds  
of their paradise all the dogs that had  
been their faithful comrades here  
below. I wish I could believe that."



A TENACIOUS JONAH

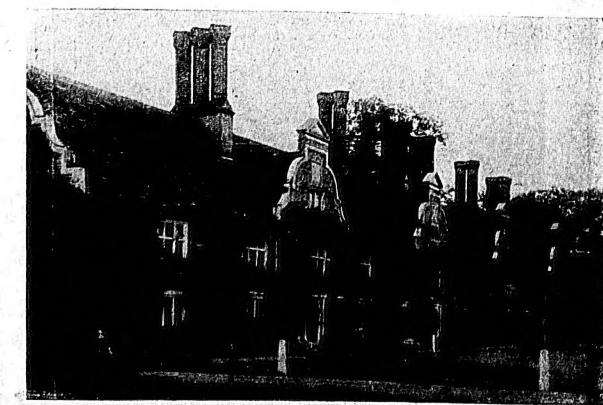


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## Home and Society

Edmonton.

Mrs. Turnbull is giving a dance this Thursday evening in honor of her guest, Mrs. Webb of Winnipeg.

Miss Haldane had a jolly little tea on Monday afternoon in honor of the same popular visitor.

Madame Cote held her usual reception on Tuesday of this week, when a number of callers had the pleasure of meeting her mother, Madame Gagnon, who with her husband is spending a month at the Capital. Later Mons. and Madame Gagnon and Mons. and Madame Cote are going for a short holiday to Banff.

Mrs. Strickland of Prince Albert is visiting Miss Alice Cameron.

The Rev. Dr. McQueen left on Wednesday for a six weeks' vacation at Gull Lake, where his wife and family have been busy for a week past getting settled in their summer cottage.

Mrs. Richard Secord and Mrs. York have returned from a delightful trip to the Old Country, filled with enthusiasm for the charming sights and scenery they have witnessed.

I quite forgot last week to tell you of jolly tea party given by the local Women's Press Club for Miss Seton-Thompson on the eve of her departure for her old home in Ontario. Mrs. Murphy was unavoidably absent, but Mrs. Cautley, Miss Forsythe, Miss Katharine Hughes, the guest of honor, and your humble servant had the pleasant kind of a feast in that popular little spot for Five O'Clock devotes, the Cosie Corner. Delicious tea and toast and cakes, and much gossip. I think we were trying to make Miss Thompson regret her going and succeeded so well that her parting words were that "she supposed she would do as everyone else did—end up by coming back."

Speaking of press matters, I want to quote "Kit's" reference to the Toronto meeting of this year. She says, writing to a paper correspondent:

"You allude to the C.W.P.C.—You would be surprised to hear that Hamilton Frye declared himself to be—at the number of women journalists who compose that club, and at the camaraderie and good feeling of each member for the other. As our wisest comrade, Miss Jean Graham, editor of the Home Journal, says, 'There is not a journalistic ladder, and women who have what is called "arrived." We are none of us at the top of the ladder, perhaps—by this is meant that as we go up we add rungs until our ladder leaves the chimney pot and reaches towards the sky.' I hold, therefore, that none of us "arrive," since life and work must be for ever ascending.

Our motto is, "Every stroke upward," and it is a great motto to live for. Women are working in all journalistic paths. There are some who write editorials, some who act as special correspondents, others who are free lances, others again who do what is really difficult work, advertising and social paragraphing! It is not as easy to write up every day a stack of weddings and say something pleasant and different of each one, not to speak of not mixing the gowns. Then there was at our late meeting Miss Cora Hind, who is commercial editor of the Thunderer of the West, the Winnipeg Free Press, a mighty newspaper, with four editions daily. And all these women men in harmony, generously giving, the one to the other, her meed of praise, or of encouragement. The Canadian Women's Press Club is an organization to which any member may be proud to belong, and it is growing in size and strength every day.

Think of a woman, holding the premier place in her particular line of work in Canada, and I have yet to see work that can touch her newspaper contributions from any land or source—writing like that. "We are none of us at the top of the ladder"—and by that is meant that as we go up we add rungs, until our ladder leaves the chimney pot and reaches towards the sky. I hold, therefore that none of us "arrive," since life and work must be forever ascending.

"Kit" didn't add how many "horsets" she had given as young journalists up the ladder, and you may be knowing that a "boost" from her isn't a matter of one rung or two, but a big leap upwards. With such a good fellow, such a comrade to point the way, it would be strange indeed if the rest of the lesser ladder-climbers didn't lend each other a hand and live and enjoy an ideal fellowship.

Mrs. C. W. Cross and her nurse and baby daughter, left on Thursday for a holiday at the Coast.

Mrs. Wm. Short and her small son and daughter, who were to have left on Wednesday morning for their cottage in Banff, were the victims of an auto accident on their way to the station, which has delayed their departure. Fortunately none of the party were seriously hurt.

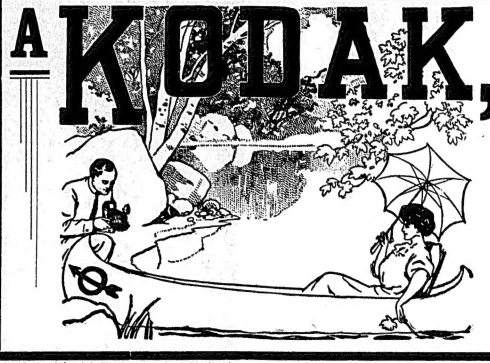
Mrs. Davies and her sister, Miss Haycock, of Ottawa, had a delightful visit in Calgary last week.

Mrs. Cornwall is visiting Miss Kate Lowes of Calgary.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Heffernan returned from a honeymoon spent at the Coast a week ago last Tuesday, and are already nicely settled in a cosy flat in "The Arlington."

Mrs. A. Y. Blain and her children left for the East to visit her people early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walkbridge also left for Toronto this week, where they will visit at the parental homes.



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In a saucy little book entitled "Mother Goose on Bridge," occur the following amusing verses:

"Peter, Peter, little Peter,  
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;  
Bridge she learned and 'neath its spell,  
Why then he kept her very well."

"Peter, Peter, had another,  
But alas! he didn't love her;  
Peter learned, himself, to play,  
And so forgot her anyway"

Mrs. M. R. Jennings left unexpectedly on a visit with her husband to the Coast last week.

I see that Mrs. Cornwall is home from her Calgary outing.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy's new book, "Janey Canuck in the West," has just been issued by Cassell & Co., Ltd., London, a review of which will appear in the Saturday News at an early date.

Social news being an unknown quantity this week, it has occurred to me that the following notes from "Vogue" might be of interest.

The custom of indulging in afternoon tea is so very delightful that one is loathe to give it up even during the heat of summer. But, of course, there must be a decided change in the menu, for although a steaming cup of tea and hot buttered muffins are delightful on a chilly November day, they are anything but tempting when the thermometer is straining to ninety. On a hot midsummer afternoon a hostess who has a nice regard for the fitness of things will serve iced tea and strawberries with cream. The table should hold a great bowl of ice broken into pieces each about the size of an egg, also a pot of strong hot tea. This is the way to make really good iced tea; fill a tall glass with ice, place one or two thin slices of lemon on top and two heaping teaspoons of powdered sugar and then pour over it the hot tea, very slowly. The strawberries should be served on glass plates, with plenty of sugar and rich cream.

Light cake such as sponge cake or lady fingers may be served with the berries, if desired. When the strawberry season is over, sliced peaches may be substituted.

Dainty white lace covers are the newest adjunct to the smart summer tea table, and so useful that it seems really surprising that no one should have thought of them before. Everyone knows the difficulty of keeping flies and insects from food served in the open; heretofore napkins were used as protection for the cake, sandwich and bon-bon dishes—neither a pretty nor convenient method. With these transparent covers one can easily see what the plate contains, and after helping oneself to whatever is wanted, the cover is easily replaced. These covers are made of white fine lace over a frame of strong, white wire, and are finished with rose medallions of Irish crochet. A large Irish button placed on the top serves as a handle. Three different size covers are to be had. The large one, which is round, measures eleven inches in diameter by four inches high and sells for five dollars and a half; the middle one, octagonal in shape, is nine by four and a half inches; price four fifty, and the smallest, also octagonal shaped, is only seven by three and one half inches and can be bought for three dollars.

The frames are guaranteed rust-proof, so that they may easily be laundered.

**Peach Desserts**  
Peach Shortcake—Good peach shortcake is quite as delicious as the famous one made of strawberries. To make it at its best, prepare a rich, short pie crust, adding to it a little baking powder. Roll into two layers, spread one lightly with butter and lay the other over it. Bake in a moderate oven. To prepare the peaches pare and cut them into nice

sections, make a syrup of sugar and just enough water to dissolve it, drop the peaches in and let cook for two or three minutes only, then remove from the fire. Separate the two layers of crust, arrange half the peaches over the under one, pour a part of the syrup over it and cover with the second layer. Arrange the remaining peaches over the top, pour the remaining syrup over the whole and serve with whipped cream.

Frozen peaches—Peaches frozen simply and without cream are delicious, refreshing, and wholesome in one. Pare the peaches and remove the stones. Weigh, and for two pounds allow one quart of water and two pounds of powdered sugar, also six of the peach kernels, which quantity will serve ten persons. Throw the peaches into cold water until needed, pass the kernels through the meat chopper, using the finest grinder, and tie in a muslin bag. Boil the sugar and water together for five minutes, dropping in the bag containing the ground kernels, strain and when cold drain the peaches and chop into dice. Pour the syrup over the peaches and freeze.

Peach Mousse—To make three pints of delicious peach mousse, boil one cupful of sugar with half a cupful of water until it spins a thread. Then pour slowly into the whites of

three eggs, which have been beaten until stiff. Continue whipping until the mixture is cold. Then add one pint of whipped cream and two cupfuls of peach pulp which have been passed through a colander or fruit press. Color with a few drops of pink vegetable coloring and pack in a mold. Bury in ice and salt of the usual proportions and let stand for three hours.

Peach Snow—Pare and slice thin a quart of peaches, sprinkle them with half a cupful of powdered sugar, and place in a glass dish. Whip a breakfast cupful of cream to a stiff froth, stir in a cupful of powdered sugar and the stiffly whipped whites of three eggs. Flavor with half a teaspoonful of almond extract, heap it over the peaches and serve cold.

I am in receipt of the following letter which speaks for itself:

"While witnessing a recent operatic performance the thought would keep coming—Why does the present day musical comedy tolerate a setting of bold looking half-clad females who conduct themselves in a disgusting manner and call it dancing? Some says, 'Why the public demand it.' Poor public, if this be true. But surely it cannot be. Then if not, why cannot there be a theatre where people who like that sort of performance can go to enjoy it to their heart's

content? Or if it is true that the majority do care for coarse jokes and vulgar females, then let us have one little theatre where clean people can go and listen to sparkling music and clean humor in an atmosphere that is not polluted by such creatures as grace (?) the stage during the performance of the opera referred to and others of its type.

## No More Sleepless Nights

Don't stay awake nights, if you are restless take a Mathie's Nerve Powder and in a few minutes a natural sleep will bring you rest.

They are safe, efficient and do not create a habit. Mathie's Nerve Powders are sold in boxes of 18 for 25c.

If you cannot find any in your locality, send us 50c. for full size box, giving also name of your dealer, and we will send by return prepaid.

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## THE FORMULA OF "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Is On The Outside Of Every Box  
For All The World To See

Every user of "Fruit-a-tives" knows exactly what is being taken. The formula of this famous fruit medicine is printed plainly on the outside of every box. We have stated many times—and now state clearly—that "Fruit-a-tives" is made of the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, with valuable heart and nerve tonics and antiseptics.

Everyone knows that fruit juice is healthful—but perhaps some do not understand why this is true. Fruit juice consists of about 91% water, 8% of sweet principle, and 1% of a bitter substance. It is the quantity of bitter principle in fruit that gives the fruit value as a medicine. An eminent physician of Ottawa, after years of experimenting, found a method of increasing the bitter principle in fruit juices, thus increasing the medicinal or curative qualities.

The juices are first extracted from the fruit. Then, figs, pears, apples, figs and prunes. By a secret process, some of the sweet atoms are replaced by the bitter principle. Then tonics and antiseptics are added, and the whole made into tablets, now known far and wide as "Fruit-a-tives." "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world that is made of fruit juices, and is one of the few remedies that have let their composition be known from their introduction to the public. "Fruit-a-tives" is a nature's stimulant for the liver, bowels, kidneys and skin. In cases of obstinate Constipation, Liver Trouble, Indigestion, Backache, Rheumatism, Headaches and Impure Blood, this wonderful fruit medicine cures when everything else fails. "Fruit-a-tives" is sold everywhere at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c., or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



THE DUKE OF KENT

Father of the late Queen Victoria and great grandfather of King George V

## RIDING AT DAWN.

Riding on the prairie with the cayuse at the lope,  
When all the budding roses sang a bursting song of hope.  
Riding on the prairie at the breaking of the day,  
Was it the dawn? or was it you?  
That made my heart so gay.  
Riding on the prairie, such time the lakes lit up

With melted roseleaves poured on them from out a fairy cup.  
Riding on the prairie, miles were nothing by the way,  
Was it the dawn or was it you?  
That made my heart so gay.  
Riding on the prairie with a heart attuned to note  
The coyly clustering violets and the crisp young breeze that smote  
Riding on the prairie, there was gold above the grass  
Was it the dawn? or was it you?  
That made my heart so gay.

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"KENT HOUSE"

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### TWO PICTURES

In "Drums of War," Mr. Stacoele the novelist, presents us with two pictures; one is of the terrible winter when grim German hosts surrounded Paris and desolation marked the paths of invading armies; the other is of the coming of spring when flowers covered the traces of wreck and ruin.

"All the winter from the passing of the invading army to the time when the siege guns began to shake earth and sky with their ceaseless roar, and from then to the spring, when the guns of the communards took up the tale, we remained at the pavilion, Joubert and I, unhindered, almost unvisited by the enemy. The chateau drew them off. We had left the doors open to prevent them from being broken in; perhaps it was for this reason that so little mischief was done by the troops that quartered there.

"The coincidence of winter and war, the leafless trees, the eternal roaring of Paris like a tiger at bay, the darkness and death in my heart, all these are in my life away back there, forming a picture, or rather a dark mirror, reflecting the forms of despair, apathy, and ruin, just as the dark water of the moat reflects the fern fronds of the bank and the dark green plumage of those pine trees. Nothing could ever come richer in the world again. The gloomy skies, shaken by the cannon, said that, and the woods, leafless and sad and sombre, where the squirrels and the hundred other wood creatures seemed banished for ever with the birds.

"So the winter passed, till one day I had not been in the woods for a week—one day, following a path near the round pond, I came across a troop of ghosts—violets growing right before me on the path side; and to the left, amidst the trees, gem-like, blue, and dim amidst the brown, last autumn leaves—violets. Led by a few days' warmth, a million violets had invaded the old forest, grouped themselves amidst the trees and along the path, heedless of death or the Prussians.

"Even as I looked a breath of wind bent the tree branches like a warm hand showing through the naked branches of a patch of blue sky above, and casting a ray of sunshine on the blue flowers below. The Drums of War, the tramping of armies, proclamations, treaties, the pageantry of victory, the sorrows of defeat, all in a moment were banished before that touch of spring and the vision of these lovely and immortal flowers.

"Since then I have seen them growing amidst the ruins of Mycenae, in Vallombrosa, at the tomb of Virgil; poets, lovers, warriors, and kings, wherever sun may light or spring may touch their tombs, call to us again through the blue violets of spring; but never have these flowers of God brought the past to man so freshly, so strangely, or with such poignancy as they brought it to me there, growing absolutely in the footsteps of ruin, yet untrampled and with not a dewdrop brushed from their leaves.

In my life I have seen may a wonderful thing, but my memory carries with it nothing more miraculous than those flowers of promise, seen as I saw them in the forest of despair."

### THE ORIGIN OF "THIRTY"

At the end of every manuscript article written for a newspaper appears the figures "30." To the newspaper writer, the type-setter, the telegrapher, this 30 means that the article is

ended. Some such sign is necessary, for when a dozen articles in manuscript are sent to the printer at the same time, or when telegraph messages follow one another over the wires, some indication is necessary to show clearly just where each ends.

So when a newspaper man dies the wreath they send him often contains the figures 30 in flowers. The term has come among its users to mean an end, a finish of other things besides manuscript and telegraph messages. But why thirty? some asked. Why not twenty or forty? And few times is the often-asked question answered correctly.

Three explanations have been given. One of them is that a "good many years ago the new telegraph office used to close at 2.30, and it was the custom to add 30 to the last dispatch sent out. Another is that the Washington correspondent of the Associated Press, who was on night work had 30 for his number and he always signed his despatches with the number instead of the name.

The third explanation seems the best. It is said that in the earlier days of the operations of one of the telegraph companies there were 30 rules for the guidance of operators, and the last one was that they should report the conditions of the line at closing time, and if everything was in good order say simply "Good Night." One night an operator being either tired in a hurry, or a bit weary of the routine, sent out from his office "See Rule 30." This was interpreted to mean that all was well, and so the habit arose among operators to simply tick out 30 to signify that they had not forgotten the rule but that all was well.

So we may accept as the explanation of this now universal signal, so far as America at least is concerned, that 30 means good night, all's well.

### ENORMOUS PRICE FOR ART PRODUCTIONS.

The collection of fine Sevres porcelain of the late Baron Schroder was sold at Christie's in London, the other day, but remarkable though many of the specimens were, they were all dwarfed in interest by the famous enamelled gold and rock crystal biberon of the sixteenth century, which five years ago caused a sensation in the art world by gringing 15,600 guineas (\$78,000) at auction.

The bidding started at £2,000 (\$10,000) and a silence which seemed to last for several minutes, the auctioneer awaited an advance.

"Three thousand pounds," said a voice at last, and then began a duel between two dealers on either side of the room. Nine hundred pounds, £5,000, £6,000, £7,000—the price mounted to £8,000 before one of the dealers dropped out of the contest, but his place was immediately taken by another. Nine hundred pounds was bid, and then £10,000.

The biberon became once again the property of Charles Wertheimer, the well-known London dealer. In spite of the enormous price, he is believed to have obtained a bargain as the values of art objects of the highest class have certainly not deteriorated in the last few years.

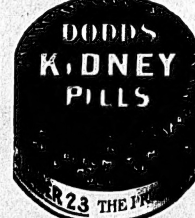
Among other interesting items in the sale was a set of three vases forming a grotesque and chimera. There are only four other known similar specimens, one of them being in the royal collection at Windsor Castle, one in the possession of J. Pierpont Morgan, and another in Baron Alphonse de Rothschild's collection.

After spirited bidding the set went to Duveen Brothers at £9,450 (\$47,250).

### A PRAIRIE LULLADY

Hush, little heart, that is newer  
To life than the flowers far,  
Close little eyes that are slumber  
Than the prairie violets are;  
I will build you a bower of roses  
And weave you a nest of spring,  
And gay tiger lily posies  
Shall be for your offering.

No, little heart, I have not  
The moon and the stars for you,  
But only the kisses you crave not  
For your lips and your eyelids too  
And mine is an hour of roses,  
And mine is a heart of spring,  
When your dear little head reposes  
On me in your slumbering.



# Ninety-Nine Per Cent.

*Of the Real Bargains go to those who read ads.!!*

You can't afford to align yourself with the one-chance-in-a-hundred people—with those who "haven't time" to read ads, and who, therefore spend hours of useless "looking" for the bargain, to which the ad-reader has found the straight road!

The "100th person" who who finds a genuine bargain that was not advertised, may succeed now and then. All of the "99" who read and answer ads, may find real bargains—**Buying Opportunities.**

So that bargain-hunting and bargain-offering adjust themselves to this law:

**99 per cent. of the bargain-hunters being ad-readers, 99 per cent. of the bargain-offerers are advertisers! And, not less important, 99 per cent. of the real bargain offers made by the advertisers in this paper are "accepted" by the value-knowing readers of this paper!**





Cy. Warman, so they say, wants to be known as something else than the writer of "Sweet Marie." But how can he hope to be after sending the following poem, for the Canada Monthly. Note the lilt. Doesn't it take you back to those summer afternoons fifteen years ago when you hummed the legitimate successor of "After the Ball" with your best girl as you paddled her up the river:

There's a town that's coming strong,  
Saskatoon,  
And it's coming right along—  
Coming soon;  
There, the summer winds are low,  
Where the summer roses blow;  
You can stand and see it grow—  
Saskatoon.

In the valley, O, so fair,  
Saskatoon,  
(See the railways will be there,  
Very soon);  
Sunny skies and seas of gold,  
Land you'd like to have and hold,  
Place to have your fortune told,  
Saskatoon.

Pearl, then, of promised land,  
Shimmering, Chinook-wind-formed,  
Saskatoon,  
Fairer land from sea to sea,  
Land of opportunity,  
"One best bet," take that from me,  
Saskatoon.

Saskatoon, having enlisted the poets in its behalf, will have to be up and doing. Just wait a few months, though and some one will discount Mr. Warman by making Edmonton the subject of a parody of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," with a great big accent on the "boom."

Edmonton is not the only Alberta town that has its sensational news items of the past week. There was a great stir in Buffalo Lake, when the Stettler Independent came out with this from its B. L. correspondent:  
A new buggy was seen driving

HOWARD'S  
**Hard Water Soap**  
The soap to use with Edmonton city water. Only 15c a cake.

Pure Castile Soap  
Nothing better for toilet use

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claims nine-tenths of the success in a good likeness.

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**Burk's Studio**  
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along to the lake on Sunday morning and the couple was so absorbed that they did not notice the driver in the next rig, who took down their conversation somewhat as follows:

"Now, you behave yourself, Jim McSmith."

"What'm I doing?"

"I'd ask, if I was you"

"I've asked."

"You ain't no need to, for you know very well that—you shan't put your arm around my waist! You hear me, sir?"

"Shan't I, huh?"

"No sir! You just shant!"

"See if I don't."

"Jim McSmith, if you don't stop—there! I've slapped your jaw."

"Oh, ye have? I thought it was a fly lit on it!"

"I guess you'll think it was more than a fly if I slap you again! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"You don't say!"

"I do say it, an' if—Now, I'll get right out and walk home."

"Wait till I stop the horses."

"If I'd known you would act like this I'd never come. You don't know how to behave like a gent."

"As a gent should! O golly!"

"I mean just as I say, Jim. If you think that—Stop that! The very idea of your trying to kiss me like that—Help—if I slap your ears again, I'll bet that you'll—You horrid thing, you!"

"You don't say!"

"I do say it and I mean it that—I never did see your heat! If you can't behave yourself you'd better get out."

"Aw shucks! You'd cry your eyes out if I got out!"

"Like sixty I would! Must be dreadfully stuck on yourself if you think I'd care. Either you get out or I'll get out if you can't behave any better than—Jim!"

"What's the matter?"

"I'd ask with you acting the way you are—Just as sure as you're born—Stop that."

"Stop what?"

"Stop putting your arm around my waist—that's what. Of all the impudence!"

"You don't say!"

"I say that I'll box your ears and box them hard if you don't behave yourself!"

"You will, huh! You'll what!"

"You'll find out what! You get my dander up once and you'll wish you hadn't."

"Dangerous, are you?"

"You'll think so if—if you ain't the worst acting case I ever saw, I can't say it! I never in all my born days—Tee, hee, hee"

The Wetaskiwin Post may now claim one perennial subscriber. If it can't after the following from its last issue, there's something seriously wrong!

"Born to Mr. and Mrs. M. Marker a baby girl. Every mother thinks she has the sweetest baby—but surely the little lump of loveliness that was laid in this mother's arms on Tuesday is something more beautiful than the fairest flower that ever blossomed."

The Sunshine Bard  
There, little girl, don't cry!  
You've got a new papa, I know,  
And your mamma—your pride—  
Is another man's bride,  
And your papa's your mother's friend's  
beast!

But cheer up, little lassie, be gay!  
Who knows but that there'll come a day

When your grown up and pretty,  
And stylish and witty,  
And you, too, the divorce game may play?

Howard—When Dr. Incision operated on me he left a pair of surgical scissors in my anatomy. Can I sue him for damages? Lawyer—Better just send him a large bill for storage.  
—Life.

"I was very much disappointed in that spring chicken you sold me," said young Mrs. Torkin. "It didn't seem at all like the genuine article."

"Madam," replied the affable grocer, "you must remember that this year's spring was one of the most deceptive on record."

Reward of Eloquence  
The auctioneer held up a battered fiddle.

"What am I offered for this antique violin?" he pathetically inquired. "Look it over. See the blurred finger marks of remorseless time. Note the stains of the hurrying years. To the merry noise of this old instrument, the brocaded dames of fair France may have danced the minuet in glittering Versailles. Perhaps the vestal virgins marched to its stirring rhythms in the feasts of Lupercalia. Ha, it bears an abrasion—perhaps a touch of fire. Why, this may have been the very fiddle on which Nero played when Rome burned. How much am I offered for this fine old instrument?"

"Thirty cents," said a red nosed man in the front row.

"It's your," cried the auctioneer cheerfully. "What's next?"

Superficially Speaking  
Should the cost of living much higher grow  
And it surely will, the pessimists say—  
You'll see the ultimate consumer go  
Down into the ultimate consumme.  
—Chicago Tribune.

Brought Science to Bear

An old colonel went down into Arkansas a great deal when the railroads were building through there to Texas. He was not a sweet-tempered man, and what he thought of Arkansas he was not soft to remark. One day he was particularly abusing the state, its mosquitoes, bugs and myriad pests. It was a little too strong for the natives, and one of them retorted, "Don't see why you can't stand it. We live down hyar all right." "Do you call it livin' down here all right to set around an' slap bugs all day?" the colonel retorted. "Don't slap bugs all day," the native answered. "Yes, you do, too, I'll bet you \$5 you can't sit there where you are five minutes with your hands folded in your lap." It was a bet and the colonel moved around behind the native as that worthy undertook the ordeal. There were a few bugs of one kind and another, but the colonel placed his reliance upon something that was easier calculated to make an impression. Standing where his adversary could not observe him, he took a small sun glass from his pocket and focussed its beam upon the back of the native's neck. It was not very long until the red hair on the neck began to curl and smoke, and after about two minutes and a half the yellow skin began to squirm. The native gritted his teeth and stood it for three minutes and a half. Then he spoke "Colonel," he said. "A don't want to seem to hedge on this bet, but Ah'll compromise right now for two dollars and a half if you'll let me brush that bald-tailed hornet off'n the back o' my neck."

#### HE'S OPEN-MINDED

Sam Spotts he sez, "Now as fer me, I'm open-minded. There ain't no Argument in which a man can't see Some bit o' truth an' that's jist so! Here's what you fellers ought to do: Try all the time to figger out The other feller's point of view, 'So's you'll know what he's talkin' 'bout"

"I listen while you fellers chin, An' tain't no matter what you say, I do my best to take it in, And think it over, anyway;



AT "PRINCE'S FOLLY."

The music hall built by the Duke of Kent on his estate at Bedford Basin, Halifax.

You spring a theory new or queer,  
But he is large or he is small,  
I think it over till it's clear—  
My mind is open to you all!"

But Sir! Smart sez though Sam ex tracts  
Some truth from what all the fellers bring

He half-way knows so many facts  
He ain't real sure of anything.  
He sez to Spotts one day, "I am Intendin' now to state your fix;

You're so blamed open-minded, Sam, It all sifts through an' nothing sticks!"

#### A MEMORY OF RHODES

I met Rhodes only once, if I remember rightly, but even one meeting with a man so remarkable, so palpable, if I may use the expression, and so full of frank vitality and self-revelation, was sufficient to make a very deep impression, and also to enable one to form some conception of his character.

His conversation produced something of the effect of a turbid and swollen mountain stream rushing down a very precipitous and narrow channel. It was rapid, turbulent, rich,

and yet its abundant waters contained a curious mixture of gold and mud. At one time you heard an expression which struck you as full of that picturesque reality which was occasionally to be found in the conversation of Napoleon. Then there was uttered an opinion which seemed broad and enlightened, and when you were beginning to come to the conclusion that here was a man with quite unusual intelligence you suddenly were staggered by an opinion that seemed to show almost childlike simplicity and ignorance of the world.

Rhodes then seemed to you a great big baby; kindly, with lofty ideals

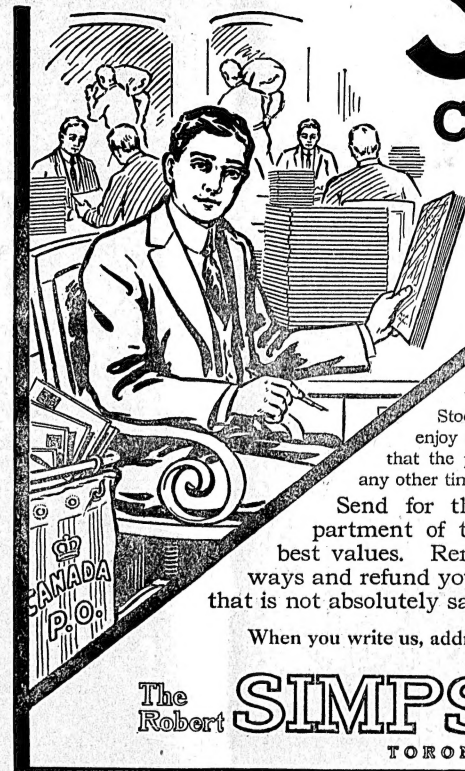
and high purposes; frank as a child, transparent as a child, impracticable as a child, and perhaps even pettish as a child. Somehow or other it made your heart warm to the man. Here was no Machiavelli masking his coils for the purpose of entrapping others into schemes intended for his own aggrandizement; here was no reticent and subtle schemer playing upon the folly of others and hiding his own purpose. Right or wrong the man threw all his cards upon the table; if anything, his great want was not sincerity, but discretion.—T. P. O'Connor in London, T.P.'s Weekly.

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### STARLAND.

Another of those --eat Western pictures were presented during the last week at this popular house of amusement. "Across the Plains," and "In the Shadow of Old Mont Shasta," portray the actual spirit of the great wild West. They were filled with all the dash of freedom, with an undercurrent of pathos, always found in the longings and disappointments of this life, in however remote a corner it may excite. "His Last Burglary" was one of the finest productions offered by the Biograph Co. It was essentially a mother's picture. The whole subject centering in the most sacred of human passions, the love of a mother for a child. In all its details the picture was most consistent and true to life, yet so present that it brings out the poetry of every day occurrences. For a film containing a regular run of thrills and yet presents in the whole an interesting and most probable story "In the Nick of Time" was a real masterpiece. It was full of "go" from start to finish, leaving not on dull moment all the time. his theatre has already established itself as the favorite summer house owing to the excellent ventilation and sanitary arrangements. On Friday and Saturday of this week there will be shown the famous "Ascot Races," and Monday and Tuesday "Boulter's Lock on Ascot Day."

### THE NORTH WEST.

From lands of little knowing.  
To half a world's desire.  
And fairer ever growing  
While envious States admire  
The plow the sod is cleaving  
The soil the seed receiving.  
The golden grain is weaving—  
A garland as of fire.

The half imagined regions  
Roused to a strong new birth.  
Now hear the tramp of legions  
From all the ends of earth  
Their questing cohorts rally  
To upland, hill and valley,  
As once the rover's galley  
Sought out new lands of worth.

An empire's fairest daughter,  
The jewel of a crown,  
Not won by heedless slaughter.  
But marching field and town.  
And constant in aspiring,  
To ends of her desiring,  
And ceaseless and untiring,  
To win a fair renown.

Leonard Knipe,  
Vermilion, Alta.

### OUR ADVISERS

(By Wilbur D. Nesbit)  
It's them that has nothin' to worry about:  
That tells us "Don't Worry."  
It's them that has nothin' to hurry about:  
That tells us "don't Hurry."  
It's them that don't need to be spendin' a cent:  
That tells us "Don't Spend It";  
It's them that don't care who'd be 'endin' a cent:  
That tells us "Don't Lend It."

The Do I: Now sign always swings on the wall  
Of them that Don't Do it—  
Advice, an' suggestions, an' things on the wall—  
There ain't nothin' to it!

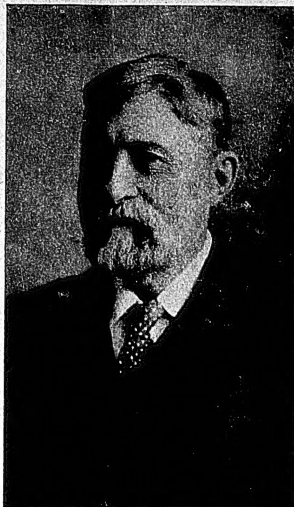
### A BIG ONE

I would not be a hunter—No!—  
And slay the elephants  
For fear that through my life I'd go  
Pursued by frightful haunts.

Of all the awful ghosts and things  
By which one is accursed,  
I'm sure that though it has no wings  
The elephant's worst!

### AVY AND THE AVIATOR

An aviator aviated to a heathen isle  
Inhabited by cannibal and by the a' ligator—  
Queen Avy was the ruler there; she met him with a smile;  
Queen Avy does not aviate; she ate the aviator.



THE LATE PETER MCKENZIE Who for many years filled the post of Chief Factor with the Hudson's Bay Company

### AN EXHAUSTIVE CODE

Emily—Why are you waving your handkerchief?

Angelina—Since papa has forbidden Tom the house we have arranged a code of signals.

Emily—What is it?

Angelina—When he waves his handkerchief five times, that means "Do you love me?" and when I wave frantically in reply it means "Yes, darling."

Emily—And how do you ask other questions?

Angelina—We don't. That's the whole code.

### WHERE IT WAS NEEDED

"There you go again!" exclaimed the fried. "Kicking as usual. And you are the man who said a month ago that he intended making it a rule to speak all the kind words he could each day to at least one person."

"I'm following that rule," explained the man with the frown. "I'm following it. I'm speaking the kind words to myself each chance I get. I found that I needed them more than anybody else."

Dr. A. Gillespie has returned from a two-month visit at Toronto and Chicago.



## HASSAN

Cork Tipped

## Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke

Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price  
and fine quality

### NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from page one)

houses can become flowered towns with wide lawns and blooming beds, along the roadways. Rats and mice and Croton bugs will have as much show in them as in the steel safe of a bank. Cement neither breeds vermin nor harbors it. There is nothing in all this that is not common sense and easy of practice. With a fair profit these houses should rent at ten to twelve dollars per month. Who would

not forsake the crowded apartment or tenement on such terms for roomy, substantial houses, fitted with modern conveniences, beautified with artistic decorations, with no outlay for insurance or repairs and with no dread of fire or fire bugs?"

The septuagenarian of today has seen more development along these lines than took place in the whole former history of the world. But may not the boy of 1910 when he comes to an old man's estate, have a still more The septuagenarian of today has

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